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THE ART REVIEW

DEVOTED TO ART, MUSIC, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

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Editors can make extracts from THE ART REVIEW by giving the proper credit.

THE FLOWER-ANGEL.

BY R. W. H.



FAR from childhood's
friends and home,
And scenes of griefless
revelry,
I'm often lonely called to
roam,
'Mid heartless, cold,
reality.

But, treasured flower of sweetest ray,
I often meet with thee,
And as an angel in my way,
Thou ever art to me.
Thy gaily hath power to cheer,
The sadness years have given,
And bring life's morning visions near,
In which is garnered Heaven.

O what a long, bright, sunny day,
When first my garden walk
Was gladden'd by thy blushing ray,
Beside a chosen rock.

A little sister shared with me,
The wondrous holiday,
And many were the tones of glee,
Thou gavest to our play.

But language, unpropitious thou,
And most when most I seek,
Begonest for I have musings now,
That thou canst never speak.

Yet lovely, blushing, fragrant rose,
I would not worship thee,
For by thy light devotion glows
Upward to Deity.

PROVIDE ample gratification for the innate love of the beautiful, at home. Let the abode of childhood cherish and foster every refined taste and delicate sentiment. Chiefest of all, guard soul-beauty with jealous care.

PICTURE LESSONS.

BY M. D. W.

SAYS Madam Swetchine: "I pass over in silence the wealth whose acquisition implies only time and money, and come to the pictures, the memory of which never forsakes those who have studied them *con amore*. Every picture is a new idea. The impression it makes abides with us as a precious souvenir, mingling with our deepest emotions, and recalling them all."

Although this remark was made with special reference to those pictures which adorn the galleries of Europe; pictures from the hands of those master artists, who have moved the world, and offer incentives to study beyond those of more modern times; yet the sentiment expressed need not be limited to those grand works which she studied with intense pleasure and delight, aided by the celebrated Professor Visconti; but, in a greater or less degree, every picture teaches a lesson and impresses the heart for good or evil. How important, then, that such only be selected for the adornment of our homes as shall have an influence to elevate, refine, instruct, and give a right direction to thought. How carefully ought all those of an opposite tendency to be banished from our homes.

The morals of our children are affected far more by the pictures they study, than by the books they read. We all know how much more impressive are illustrations of scenes than the printed descriptions. The images thereby vivified, and reproduced on the tablet of mind are not easily erased. This power is increasingly realized by authors and publishers, hence the number of illustrated works is greatly multiplying year by year. A short time ago, an illustrated weekly periodical was very rare; now these are quite numerous. Some are almost unexceptional in their embellishments; others cater to a low and morbid appetite. Harper's illustrated periodicals may be classed among the former, and are well worthy the high position which they have gained; and yet these are not faultless.

In view of these considerations, we seek to

impress the duty of exercising a wise discrimination in the choice of illustrated books, periodicals, and pictures, for home adornment. Indifference in this matter is a sin. Our responsibility as parents is not limited to the authority we exercise over our children in respect to their duties to ourselves and to others; nor are the safeguards we throw around them bounded by the prohibitions involving the outward associations of life. The books we place at their disposal, and the pictures we hang upon our walls, are embraced. They are all educators, leaving abiding impressions on susceptible minds.

We pity, or perhaps smile, at the folly of the wealthy man who, in furnishing his new and elegant library-room, expressed no choice as to authors, but gave orders only to have the shelves filled with handsome and elegantly bound volumes, and yet he has imitators on a smaller scale. There are thousands of persons who buy a book simply for its beauty as an ornament to lay on the centre-table, or adorn the bookcase, utterly indifferent respecting the quality of its contents. One of cultivated mind, in the exercise of proper taste, would say: "Give me standard authors—their gems of thought, even though in plain and homely binding, rather than the trashy production of shallow brains, arrayed in green and gold."

It is not, however, needful to have either, and far from us is the desire to ignore, or, in the least, to depreciate, the love of the beautiful; but we would the rather direct it in the right channel, and combine the two by having the precious gems of thought enshrined in a beautiful casket, for the adage is not always true which says that "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most."

The question then, "What pictures shall I hang on my walls?" is of equal weight with the one, "What books shall I put on my shelves?" Books and pictures are twin-sisters, and ought not to be separated; neither should be chosen for mere external beauty, but for ideas embodied. The fine artist transfers his thoughts, his spiritual conceptions, to the images drawn by his hand as really as does the author to the words his